

HAVANA A SECOND, ALMOST A GAYER, RIVIERA



A frock of Bordeaux colored chiffon whose transparency was tempered with satin trimmings in matching tone, had a deep chiffon collar embroidered in reddish purple iridescent beads. The large black satin sailor, slashed on the left side, had a huge mount of black aigrettes shooting backward over the brim. One of the costumes seen at the Oriental Park Races, at Havana, January 2.



Black jet buckles and black jet buttons are sufficient unto themselves as the adornment of this chamois colored taffeta frock the fulness of whose box pleated front panel is restrained at the waist line with taffeta straps. A vest, a coat effect and a plain, sheer collar of cream color batiste are among other details worthy of note.



Havana favors, as does New York, black tulle for evening gowns, but black tulle unadorned—never! A gold lace cape over back and shoulders, a gold lace triangle on the corsage, a black velvet girdle and four heavy black jet tassels make it far from lustreless. Black satin slippers and black silk stockings are embroidered in jet.



She affects an occasional sober street frock, does the Havana. This one is of prune colored taffeta with corsage of silk voile. The pleated, four pointed tunic of taffeta is corded at the normal waist line and headed with pleated frill. One collar, though a very deep one, of pleated taffeta, is not enough. It must be supplemented by a little turnover of butter-colored batiste.



A neat little dark blue taffeta suit departs from the realm of the ordinary by means of its deep, pointed skirt yoke of plaid taffeta with brown satin stripe. The bolero jacket, bell sleeved, by the way, is plaid silk lined and has an odd high collar which stands well away from the neck.

BEAUTIFUL women, chic costumes, races, brilliant sunshine, jollity everywhere—in fact, a transplanted Paris of two years ago—this is Havana.

And the woman who longs for the azure skies of the Mediterranean, the opportunity to see and be seen in the assemblage of cleverly gowned women, the excitement of the race-course, the atmosphere of pleasure unrestrained, will find at Havana the allurements of the Riviera and the fascination of Paris of other days. At the Oriental Park races she may revel in all the thrills which Longchamps invariably called forth. She will see gowns that will bring the glint of envy into her eyes, for the Cuban women are wearing Paris creations with the same nonchalance as the Parisiennes affected before the great catastrophe of last year turned the laughter into tears.

There is apparently no shortage in the supply of French costumes, which are sent by way of Spain to Havana, and there is certainly no lack of funds with which to purchase them. The Havana woman, like her Spanish neighbors in Argentina, Brazil and Chili, lives for and has her very being in beautiful clothes. She is a great, big, lovely doll and she must be clothed in silks and satins, chiffons and laces, feathers and glittering stones. The woman of intellect is a rarity and the business woman is practically unknown. Beauty of face and form and the clothes to set off both are the sole thought and consideration of Havana women.

And the Havana man—well, he furnishes the setting for this beautiful jewel. Whether gold nuggets may be extracted from the earth and shaken from the trees with more ease and rapidity in Cuba I know not, but certainly the masculine contingency appears to be well supplied with them. It clouds the mind with a delectable question as to the advantages of this beautiful doll pose, but we are not writing of the psychology of the ways of women, only of the outer coverings.

The "feathers" of the Cuban women are, indeed, of radiant gorgeousness. The Spanish senorita has long been known for her love of ostentation, her almost childish delight in bright colors, and her defiance of many of the laws generally adopted as governing good taste in gowning. The Cuban woman, who is related by close blood ties, has many of the same characteristics. There is a small coterie of Havana women who dress exceedingly well. They choose their clothes with discernment and with an eye to individuality which might be emulated by many New York women, but the majority of the Cuban women believe that the more decoration a dress or hat displays the more it is to be desired. The enticing nod of the ostrich plumes, the glitter of gold and silver, the sparkle of multi-colored beads, all have a hypnotic effect on their pocketbooks. Amongst these gay birds of brilliant plumage, therefore, the simply and well dressed Havana woman and the American visitor stand out in sharp relief.

If you would see such an assemblage, visit the Oriental Park track on Ladies' Day, but plan to lunch at the Hotel Plaza, for there the fashionable throng congregates before the races to have a bite to eat, glean a tip on the "sure winner" and get into the spirit of the occasion. If it is a cool day—that is, cool for a country where the thermometer in the winter season registers from eighty to ninety degrees—you will see an interesting collection of serge and taffeta gowns. Here you will find that the best dressed women will select a navy

And She, Too, Accepts Paris's Fashions, But the French Designers Know the Cuban Woman's Love of Color and Gorgeousness and Shape Their Offerings Accordingly.

or midnight blue serge combined with the taffeta.

Of the many varieties of full skirts I saw one of the most unusual suggested the lines of an umbrella, the alternating panels of serge and taffeta spreading out in the lines of the half-opened umbrella. The inevitable touch of braiding, which is almost a hallmark this season, appeared on the belt, the green and blue soutache brightened by metallic threads.

This touch of braiding is used extensively on the serge frocks and on the coats as well. And it may be adapted with telling results. A suit of navy or midnight blue is a sombre creation, but add a gold collar and tone down its garishness with rows of braiding, and you have the requisite suggestion of color used with discretion. The same idea is developed in the silk embroideries, through which metallic threads are run.

A general survey of the gowns at the Oriental Park track impressed me with the fact that chiffon and net frocks combined with satin or taffeta appeal strongly to the Cuban women—just as they probably will to the North American women when the racing season is on again. And truly they answer the sartorial problem for these women in a most satisfactory manner, for a corsage of a transparent material, chiffon or net, is the most comfortable in practically summer heat. And if a breeze blows up, there are clever vagaries in the way of sleeveless taffeta and velvet coats which afford sufficient protection.

Certainly there is a strong Spanish influence in the full skirt of net as it has been adopted in Havana. Uneven at the hem, often deeply pointed, it is built up with row upon row of ruffles mounting to the waist-line. Sometimes they are plain, but more often they are outlined in marabou or ostrich, for these two trimmings are used with the same profusion that fur has been all winter.

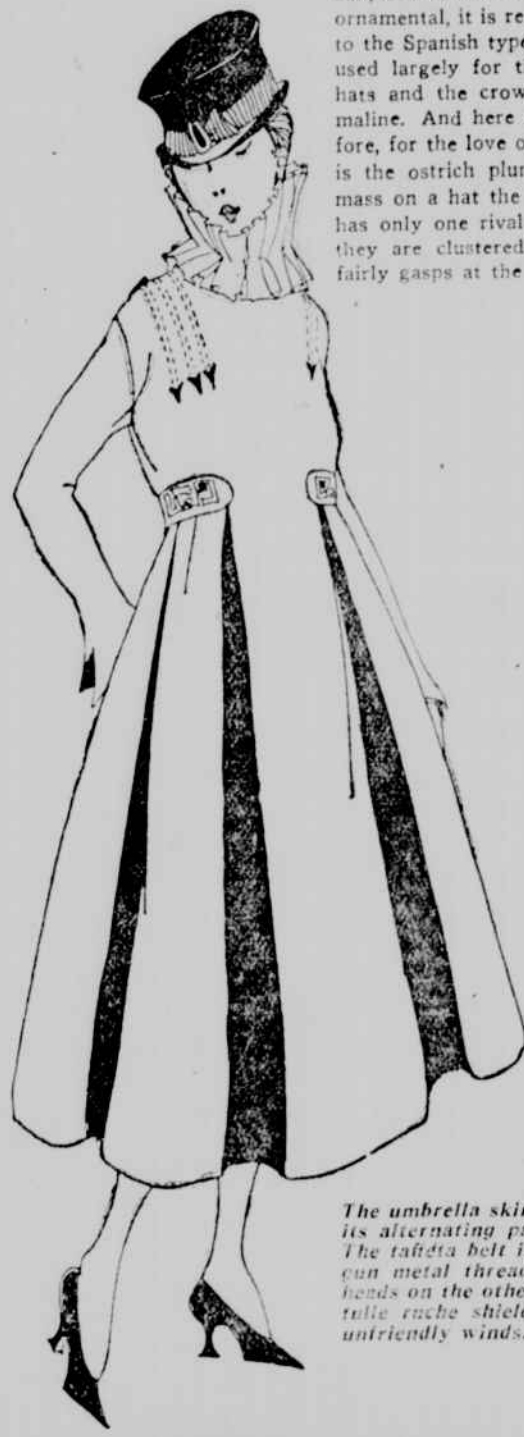
Ostrich in particular has been adopted by the Cuban women with a reckless disregard of cost. Wide scarfs of ostrich are wound nonchalantly around the throat, the ends falling down the back. And the barrier against the wind is welcomed by the women who are taking their afternoon ride along the Prado. The Prado is the most beautiful of the drives in Havana, but, skirting the sea wall, as it does, one receives the full benefit of the trade winds, which are very apt to spring up late in the afternoon, just when the fashionable Havana woman takes her afternoon drive. On Tuesdays and Fridays she drives from 5 until 7, stopping at the Hotel Miramar for tea. Seated on the terrace, one can watch the carriages and motors passing along the Prado below and look across at Morro Castle silhouetted against a glowing sky. The picture is complete, from an artistic viewpoint, but the interest is heightened by the introduction of the beautiful Spanish women, always animated, and always feminine, with an instinct for coquetry that is so

much a part of them that one cannot fail to appreciate the finesse. This is just the tag end of the shopping hour and they drop in for tea and cakes and chit-chat.

Here you will see a profusion of these ostrich scarfs and ostrich capes as well. Battleship gray is the favorite color for the afternoon and white for the evening, for on the evenings when the band concerts are given the women, with their male escorts, drive from 8

until 10. One looks in vain on these occasions for the mantillas which are so intimately associated with the bright-eyed, dark-skinned senoritas. A few do discard hats and wear jewels and bandeaux in their well-coiffed heads, but, as a rule, a handsome hat is selected.

The large hat is the favorite of the Cuban woman. In the daytime it serves a useful purpose, for it shields the pretty face from the sun, and in the evening, though it is purely ornamental, it is recognized as more becoming to the Spanish type of beauty. Metal laces are used largely for the brims of these evening hats and the crown may be of velvet or of maline. And here ostrich again comes to the fore, for the love of the Cuban woman's heart is the ostrich plume, and the more she can mass on a hat the better. The ostrich plume has only one rival, and that is aigrettes, and they are clustered in such masses that one fairly gasps at the extravagance displayed.



The umbrella skirt is so called by reason of its alternating panels of taffeta and serge. The taffeta belt is embroidered in blue and gun metal threads, as are also the arrow heads on the otherwise plain waist. A blue tulle ruche shields the throat from stray, unfriendly winds.

At the races, however, the satin hat appears to be the favorite. Large black satin sailors have a becoming facing of flesh colored crepe and fairly bristle with aigrettes; other large black satin shapes reflect the glitter of gold in crown and trimming. Brilliant color combinations are developed in many of these large hats, for though the Havana woman may have restrained her love of bright colors in her gown, she permits it to break forth in a riotous display on her hat. Bordeaux red and prune colored satin hats are a new fancy, and nine times out of ten receive a bountiful supply of ostrich as trimming.

The gayest scene was enacted at the Marianna racetrack the day following the New Year festivities. President Menocal, members of the Senate, ministers and attachés of the various foreign governments gave an official air and there were few missing from the social roster. It in no way lacked the brilliancy of Longchamps in the past. There was no counter attraction, however, in mannequins offering to the public a new mode, but there were many beautiful women so conspicuously gowned that they caught the eye of both sexes.

It was quite surprising to find gray, a real oldtime drab, the prevailing color, but any tendency to monotony was checked by a interspersing of gowns reflecting magenta, Bordeaux red, royal blue and other radiant tones. These dresses, generally of chiffon, were dropped over white taffeta and trimmed with broad bands of the taffeta or satin. The sheer corsage was finished in the pointed basque effect in front, panel back and bishop sleeves. A new idea, which is sure to be copied, was exploited on a gown having a lace corsage and deep skirt flounce by outlining the design of the lace in a narrow—not more than a quarter of an inch wide—gold ribbon, sewed only on one edge. In all these gowns the Cuban women made a concession by veiling the glitter of beads and metallic threads with a cloud of chiffon.

To state that the skirts were full is to repeat a bromide, but it is worthy of note that they were longer than the Fifth Avenue trotters are wearing them, for they extended at least an inch or two below the shoe tops. Coats bob in bolero fashion or ripple in the godet lines, and the bodices display unmistakable basque tendencies with curious innovations exploited in the sleeves. Such, in a word, are the fashion high lights.

The night life of the Cuban woman would seem very tame and uninteresting to many a New York woman who frankly boasts that she lives only after the lights are lit. But she does appear at the open air theatres, and here she wears charming lingerie frocks, white and pastel colored nets and linen embroidered and trimmed with filet lace. Many of the embroidered organdie and mull frocks have the frothy ruffled skirts, each flounce outlined in marabou.

A gayer ripple coat of bright colored taffeta is slipped on if the night is cool.

New Year's Eve, however, the carnival spirit broke loose. Men and women of recognized social position drove until after midnight up and down the brilliantly lit Prado tossing confetti with the glee of a schoolboy on holiday. And this bombardment of confetti was returned with interest by serpentine flung from the balconies of the handsome homes and clubs which line this boulevard. It was the celebration of the Old World with all the zest of the New.

Strains of dance music and popping of corks welcomed young 1916 at the American Club. Here the women wore their prettiest gowns, nets of various colorings mounted over satins and taffeta, with the full, ankle-length skirts and basquette corsages of the 1830 model, lace draped shoulders and metal brocades in the classic lines of Callot, and silver brocaded taffetas with corsages of some filmy stuff. The great ostrich fans in radiant colors were displayed to the greatest advantage, for the fan is the Spanish senorita's deadliest weapon.

To the Northerner, one of the most surprising sights is the omission of gloves. Scarcely, even at the races, does the Cuban woman hide her hands and wrists in gloves, though nine out of ten wear elbow or saucy little puffed sleeves, but they delight in bracelets, and the latest fad is to wear them above the elbow.

Americanize the Hyphenate by Hospitality.

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immigrant and raises the dignity of citizenship in his eyes.

In some cities where earnest attention is being paid to the problem of the immigrant, receptions to which prospective citizens and their families receive invitations are held once each month. Prominent officials deliver addresses at these functions, and at the end of the ceremony the immigrants who have received their papers take an oath of allegiance to the United States in unison. A few towns issue certificates, as well as citizenship buttons.

This systematic education of the immigrant is bound to have a pronounced effect upon his future independence as a citizen, particularly as regards his use of the privilege of voting. The tendency of the foreign-born voter today is to turn to the only friend he has—the local ward boss—who exploits him politically just as the employer exploits him industrially. The ward boss helps him take out naturalization papers and receives his vote, for a time at least, in consideration of kindness shown and service rendered.

However, my study of the election returns in the larger cities convinces me that the foreigner, after a short experience, votes quite independently and intelligently as any other class. The East Side of New York supported the Woman Suffrage even more strongly than did the uptown district. The East Side also has a very commendable way of scratching its ticket and voting independently whenever it gets the chance.